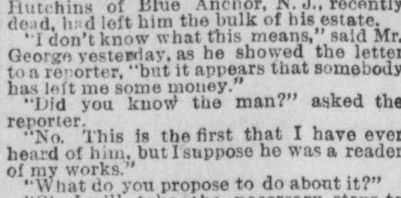


This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured binding or edge. The main part of the strip is a light-colored page with very faint, illegible text impressions. The text appears to be arranged in columns, but the characters are too light and blurry to be read. There are some darker spots and irregularities along the binding edge, possibly from the scanning process or the physical state of the document.

HENRY GEORGE'S WINDFALL

Him \$20,000.
 The Fortune to be Used for the Circulation of the Author's Works.
 A Philadelphia Heir Very Much Dissatisfied.
 NEW YORK, October 6.—Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," Labor candidate for mayor and pledged to uphold the interests of workmen as opposed to capitalists and bondholders, has himself unexpectedly and involuntarily become a capitalist. When he reached his place of business this morning he found upon his desk a letter from a man which surprised him greatly. This unassuming communication, which was inclosed in an envelope bearing the name of a Camden, N. J., attorney, ac-



The letter was as follows:

CAMDEN, N. J., October 5, 1886.
Henry George, Esq., New York.

[illegible]

"Poverty" soon after its publication. He was delighted with the book, and reread it again and again. Thenceforth he purchased and devoured with avidity everything that Mr. George wrote, and was carried along step by step, body and soul, with

[illegible]

tors, in sacred trust for the express purpose of "spreading the light" on social and political liberty and justice in the United States of America, by means of the gratuitous, wise, efficient and economically conducted distribution all over this

one of the most important and interesting questions of the day," "Problems of the Poor," his replies to the criticisms thereof, in "Problems of the Times," and his "The Poor of the World," in which he may think it wise and proper to gratuitously distribute in this country; and the administrators shall cause to be inserted or provided free copy of all books distributed by means of the "Poor of the World" movement, and to wit: "That each recipient shall read it and then circulate it among such rich and poor as he may think will be benefited, and make the best use of it." The editor of the "Poor of the World" will make a number of shares of Northern and Pacific preferred stock, is valued at \$20,000,000,000.

A Beautiful Cemetery.

Paris is to have a new necropolis opened shortly, into whose model and management the plan of the "Poor of the World" has been introduced. This new ground of sepulture has been purchased near Aubervilliers, and will be laid out more after the English model. It will be a public garden, almost a park, and will be as pleasant as possible, to hide the tombs and monuments. Its capacity is estimated at 100,000. The right to be buried in the ground is only sold for five

will make this cemetery very memorable in history as the first place of sepulture conducted by the State. It will have no chapel (though its name is St. Marthe), but there will be a "reception building" where the ministers of whatever religion the de-

to perform the last rites or pronounce the funeral discourse. Though prayers will be said and a service will be held, the cross or the sacred inscription on the portals.

A Minstrel Joke that is no Chestnut
(Washington Critic.)

"Everybody, almost, knows what a wide open, short-cut dance Billy Rice, the minstrel, has been giving at the Metropolitan. As we are informed, Billy was at an agricultural show in a one-night stand town, and was playing the wise and cordial exhibit, the editor of the country paper and a farmer, passed by him. The editor, a 'thatcher' of local lore," whispered the editor, "that Rice was a good fellow."

"Where?" inquired the farmer.

"There," said the editor, pointing towards the stage.

"Rice?" repeated the farmer, inquiringly.

"Yes," by gosh, it's the funniest ripe I ever seen. It looks a darn sight more like a pumpkin than a nut."

Billy met the farmer half way and paralyzed him.

A Patriotic Spectacle.

M. Cheverel never drank a drop of champagne until his 100th birthday. People were

and a good deal farther from Chicago than himself, do not trust Providence so far as to postpone tasting the decoction until they become centenarians. One of the reminiscences which the lively old gentleman has collected in the course of his life, dates from his seventh year. He was present at a

er of Madame DuBarri, and was knighted by Sanson the executioner, when the poor wretched child addressed him as "M. le Bourreau." Sanson explained to her that the word was fitting for her. "Come, my dear, it is time that you and your youth should be early initiated into patronizing spectacles."

Another Base Fabrication.
(Philadelphia North American.)

A Boston writer says that Cuba was not sunk by the earthquake. She wasn't down there, but she looked on her map.

And a Compass.
(Puck.)

Some tourists were recently lost in the Adirondack wilderness. They probably can find their way back to civilization by consulting the guide books.

He Took After His Sire.
(Lowell Times.)

James G. Blaine, Jr., seems to be shipwrecked on the old block.

